THE

DEVIL

TURN'D

CASUIST

OR THE

Cheats of ROME

Laid open, in the Exorciſm of a

Deſpairing DEVIL,

At the Houſe of *Thomas Pennington* in *Orrel* in the Pariſh of *Wigan* and County of *Lancaſter*.

By *Zachary Taylor*, M. A. Chaplin to the right reverend Father in God, *Nicholas* Lord Biſhop of *Cheſter*, and Rector of *Wigan*.

Spectatum admiſſi! Riſum teneatis,

LONDON,
Printed for *Peter Buck*, near the *Middle-Temple Gate* in *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1696.

(25)

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By *Zachary Taylor*, M. A. Chaplin to the right reverend Father in God, *Nicholas* Lord Bishop of *Chester*, and Rector of *Wigan*.

Spectatum admissi Nilum teneatis.

LONDON

Printed for *Peter Buck*, near the *Middle-Temple Gate* in *Fleet-street*, 1686.

To the Right Reverend Father in God

NICHOLAS

Lord Bishop of *CHESTER.*

My truly Honoured Lord,

WHereas Dedications are generally intended to Express the Editors Acknowledgement unto the Patron that he doth Address, yet this must beg your Lordships pardon for Prefixing your name to a Transaction that may seem too Light for the gravity of your Function to be interested in. But besides the Presumption on your Lordships Condescention, the Reasons moving me thereunto were these.

Your Lordship as a Father in the Church, must needs be concerned for the Religion of it; and it is a matter of Religion (altho she, and her Author be the Greatest Sufferers by it) that is here pretended. Now as we teach our Children to know Good Coin by acquainting them with what is Counterfeit; so there is no better way to Ground weak persons in the full Assurance of Divine Truths, than by Discovering to them the Juggles of Superstitious Bigots: for God having settled All, and Every Article of the Christian Faith, on the Veracity of his own Unerring Word, and the Evidence of Uncontested Miracles, therein be no Greater Argument of the Hellish Villany, as well as Crafty Knavery of those that Teach, and Super-add any thing thereto, than its Contradistinction to Gods word and works, to have them Build on Sand, on the Fantasticism of Unwritten Tradition, and the Sophistry

of

of Lying Wonders. For, My Lord, what Opinion must any sober Person Interr a n of that Church, who endeavours to Prove the Truth, and Confirm her Members in the Belief of the Fundmentals that she coin'd at Constance and at Trent from the Testimony of the Father of Lyes, and one whom in her Exorcisms she labours what she can, to perswade the Assembly, that he is indeed the Devil. This seems to me an Infatuation of that Size, that I cannot apprehend it to be any thing else, but that very Judgment that God hath Threatned to Deliver such Artificers up to. 2 Thes 2. 11.

Your Lordship will meet with a deplorable Instance of this in the following Pages, where if you find any thing that shews an Air Lighter than these present Lines, it is because the Subject will endure no other, and Solomon must Apologize for me, who hath made it a Rule, To Answer a Fool according to his Folly.

Another Inducement to me was the Scene's being Acted in your Lordships Parish, and the Great Trust you have been pleas'd to Commit to me there, doth require that I should be Accountable to your Lordship for all Affairs of such a nature as this is, as you are the Rector of the Parish, as well as the Ordinary of the Diocess.

But that which to me is none of the least, is what relates unto the Reader; he is here to meet with such a Medley of Fopperies, as will be hard to believe that any who call themselves Christians should be Guilty of; for the Priests have so far over-acted each part of the Play, that the plain Relation of it will appear more like Burlesque, than Narrative. It was necessary therefore that I should Court your Lordships Patronage, that the Reader when he meets with all such passages, may be convinced of the Reality of them, Whilst he must conclude, that I durst not presume to Abuse your Lordships Name, by Prefixing in to what was only my own Invention: and indeed having plenty of Witnesses (for the Protestants were Frankly invited to the Slave-Show, in hopes of a Good Harvest, as the Narrative will inform you) I have been careful to Assert Nothing, but what I have Undeniable Testimony of, and what hath been twice read over to those that gave me the Relation of the Operation. Several Passages, where I had not a Plurality of Concurring Voices, I have designedly left out, that the rest might be Unexceptionable. For instances, When a Person whom they were afraid of loseing, came into the Room, the Demoniack seem'd to Laugh, and the Priest ask'd him why he was so pleasant, to which he replied, he could not but Laugh to think, If that he turned to her Husbands Religion, She must certainly be his, the Reader taking notice of this passage, I have omitted it. The Priest also amongst his other Queries would needs know, Whether Protestants were not

Damned

Damned? Which the Devil (*that is the Title, and Language they gave the Demoniack, and therefore I must use it*) wishing no doubt but that they all might, avouched that they were; this several will aver, but because the Priest I hear denies it, and thereby intimates as if he had some Charity left for Poor Protestants, I am willing by way of Return to his Civility, to pass it by, with some others.

I know of what moment it is in order to satisfaction in matters of this nature, to direct the Reader personally to the Deponents themselves, that by some Friend or other he may inquire of it from their Mouths; I therefore once had design'd to have affixed to the Relation the names of those that gave me this account, but considering what manner of Spirit the Romish Zealots, their neighbours are of, I suffered my self to be dissuaded from it: but if Curiosity on the one hand, or Scepticism on the other, lead any to be Inquisitive after it, the Circumstances of time and Place, when and where the Game was acted, the names of the Parties concerned, together with the Managers of it, will direct him where he may find ample satisfaction.

As for the order of it, I have methodized it according to the Rules of their Proceedings at Exorcisms; but I do not pretend to be responsible for the place that every passage is ranked in: for in so tedious a Process as this was, it must be above the Capacity of mean Persons to charge their Memory with every Punctilio. It is sufficient that there is Truth, as to matter of Fact; it is not at all necessary that there should be the Punctilio's of exact order in the relation of it.

What the Papists design was in this Exploit is easily unfolded, we are not Ignorant *of there* Devices *nor the Artifices they make use of to cajole simple well meaning people to their Party. It is not the first time, nor I fear like to be the Last, that they have had to do with the Devil on this score; only according to Circumstances they play a different game, and turn the Tables as occasion offers. Sometimes they chance to stumble on the opportunity of a natural Disease, and that is their Great Advantage, for Physical operations are not wanting to be ascribed to a miraculous Energy. But generally the whole business is Intrigue, Collusion, and Combination. I might produce instances of both sorts of these their practices from learned Authors. The Most Reverend his Grace of* Canterbury, *in his Excellent Discourse of Idolatry, takes notice of the vertues of the Antimonial Cup, and what use they make of it to promote their holy Cheats: The Right Reverend the Bishop of* Worcester *and others supply us with instances of the Latter kind. But I will confine my self to your Lordships Diocess, because I meet in Our Neighbourhood with fresh Examples of both kinds, which as they are new, so perhaps will not be unacceptable to the Reader. For the first, be pleas'd*

to take the account as I had it in a Letter from my Reverend Brother and Neighbour, which is as followeth.

Walton, April 9th. 96.

SIR,

THe Oldness of the Fact whereof you call for a Narrative may excuse my not giving it in all the requisite Particulars. Many of them are slipt out of my memory, and the rather because I was less careful to imprint them there, as not dreaming I should after so long a time, be occasion'd to give an account of them. About twenty years ago, a Son of Mr. Crook's near Lealand, Aged about twelve years, was seized with so unwonted a Distemper, that our Country-Gentlemen and Clergy, and some others that had Skill in Physick, knew not what to make of it. Some few did conceive it might be a Natural Distemper; the Papists generally declared him to be Possest by an Evil spirit, which too easily catch't the belief of most of his Protestant Neighbours; Some concluded him to be hurt by an Evil Tongue; others thought, because his Step mother was a Papist, that the whole was a Counterfeit, acted to gain advantage to the Roman Interest in those parts; The notorious juggling Tricks in this kind, some Romish Priests had plaid in all the parts in Christendom (whereof the most ingenious persons of that Communion will Complain together with me) gave some wiser heads this suspicion. But the General Opinion, I say, was, that it was a Possession: and accordingl both his Popish and Protestant Friends made some Essaies to cast the Evil spirit out of the Lad. First he was taken into the care of one Mr. Hughton a Popish Priest at Madam Westbey's house near Lealand, but met with no relief there. Afterwards the (then) Lady of Crosston (the Boys God-father, as I remember) sent for him to his house where for some time he shew'd him some ineffectual Tokens of his desire to rid him of the reputed Fiend. All this was reported in many places of our County, and truth supported the Report: but other things were told with the same confidence, for which there was no ground, as that the Boy could tell in his Fits what was adoing in places far distant from him, whereof he could have no information by his Senses, nor by any other ordinary means of

Conveyance

Conveyance; that he could call perſons he had never ſeen before, by their Names &c. However, his caſe had ſo puzled the Heads of ſeveral Pariſhes, that they knew not what to ſay of him, nor what to offer in order to his Help. At laſt it was reſolved (I know not certainly why) to deſire me to ride to Croſton, and on a ſet day to take a view of the ſaid Demoniack, where I ſhould be met by ſeveral Gentlemen and Clergy-men. A letter came to that purpoſe, in obedience to which I went the Evening before the Appointed time and Lodged at the Parſonage of Eccleſton, hoping to be time enough at Croſton next morning to ſee the Boy in his 3. Fits; for ſo many he had every morning, with a competent interval between each of them. But not riſing ſo early as I had intended, One of his Fits was over when I came to Croſton, which accident troubled my mind, as it did theirs whom I found expecting me. However, I reſolved to make the beſt of what was to come. I immediately called the Boy to me and askt him how he did! Who anſwered, I'm very well. I view'd his eye, which was good and lively; and his complexion, which was clear and ſweet. I felt his pulſe, which had loſt but very little of its natural order. Then I fell in talk with the Gentlemen, wiſhing my ſervice might anſwer their care, and my Riding ſo many miles. I confeſs't to them, I had in my Travels viewed not a few Tables of pretended Miracles hung up in Popiſh Churches, and ſo far Examined ſome of their Contents, as to find That all is not Gold that Gliſters. I added, I hoped not to find it difficult to Judge, whether the Diſtemper was true or counterfeit: and that I might perhaps diſtinguiſh whether it was Natural or Diabolical. But out of this Chat was I call'd with a cry, He is beginning on another Fit. I ſtept to him, and ſaw his Eyes (prettily brown, naturally) appear Glaſsy and much diſturbed: his head made a large ſwim from one ſhoulder to the other: he curs'd and ſwore beat the air with his arms; and afterwards let his head fall very Low upon his breaſt, at which time he ſeem'd to ſpeak with another voice, miſtaken by ſome preſent for the voice of the Devil. A little after, all his powers, decayed and he was for ſome time left both without ſence and motion. But after a ſmall ſtay under this Deliquium, he recovered by degrees, and ſpit a good quantity of fleam amongſt thoſe about him. Pleaſe to note, that at the firſt throws and diſtortions of his body, I caus'd him to be held faſt in a chair, and kept my finger over his pulſe the whole time of his Fit, and found it decline and alſo recover in true proportion with the judgement the eye made upon the ſurface of his body. The third Fit was in all things like the other, in which I attended the workings and way of his body, and watched his pulſe, as before. In this indeed (which I did not in the foregoing Fit) I aſk't him a queſtion in order to confute the report ſprea-

that he knew ſtrangers, and could call them by their names at their firſt appearance, I ask't him, when he began to ſpeak with a varied (which ſome thought a Devils voice) Friend Who am I? He anſwered, Dam thee, Thou art Thonſon. Upon this I ſaid to the Company, Gentlemen, this is a dull Devil that cannot diſtinguiſh the Vicar of Walton *from the Curate of* Rufford. *Thus far of the way or manner of his Fits.*

Now did the Gentlemen ask my opinion of the Boys caſe, which I readily gave to this ſence. 1. That it was a Real Diſtemper, and not put on; of which his pulſe had given me ſufficient aſſurance. 2. That it was a natural Diſtemper, which I collected from the gradual declining and Recovery of his pulſe, and the no-ſymptoms of a poſſeſſion by an Evil Spirit. 3. That the nature of his diſtemper was Epileptick, which in the cloſure of the Fit deprived him of ſence and motion: and I obſerved that nature in its ſtrugle with the Diſtemper had wrought down the ſtrong and clammy Fleam into the mouth which had ſtop't the paſſage of the ſpirits and thereby reduced him to a ſeeming death; upon which he immediately recovered. But notwithſtanding what I had ſaid, ſeveral of our company, and particularly Mr. Crook *the Boys Father, would ſtill have it a poſſeſſion. And they put queſtions to me; which they thought would exact ſuch anſwers, as muſt be favourable to their opinion. It was ask't me* How he came to curſe and ſwear in his Fits, whoſe mouth had never offered to frame an oath in his health? *It was caſie to anſwer, How ready Satan is to blind and confound the Idea's of a ſick mans mind, and to inject ſomething of his own which is utterly diſagreeable to the ſick perſons habits. I had ſeen the like when excellent men had been delirious in Feavers, But yet this amounted not to a poſſeſſion.*

It was ask't me, How he came to ſpeak with another voice? *It was eaſy to anſwer, He let his head fall low upon his breaſt, which unnatural poſture together with the ſtricture of his collar, did occaſion it. It was ask't,* Why at his coming out of his Fit he ſhould ſo keenly ſpit at all about him? *It was eaſy to anſwer, That as he began the Fit with the ſwiming of his head ſeveral times from one ſhoulder to another, ſo he began to ſhew his Recovery that way, and before he was well come to himſelf he ſpit out among them that tough flegmatick humour that was wrought down into his mouth; and ſo it was an* Animal *action and no* deſigned *one. But notwithſtanding theſe anſwers given, Old Mr.* Crook *and ſome beſides him, held to their opinion, That the Boy was a Demoniack. I had then nothing to do but confidently to oppoſe my Opinion to theirs; and to back this with ſome Grateful Adventure, I told Mr.* Crook *I was ſo ſure that his Sons Diſtemper was a curable Epilepſy, that if he would ſend him to a Phyſi-*

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cian of my naming, I would oblige my self before all the present worthy company, to bear half of the Charges he should be at in his compliance with my desires, in case his Son should return home uncured. This argument took, and the Father according to my direction brought his Son to my Wife and Worthy Friend Dr. Richmond of Leverpool, who healed the Lad and saved my Purse. He began with more general Evacuations, which proving less effectual, he fell to the purgation of his head, and by Gargarisms, Fumigations, Sternutaments and the like, he thinn'd, dislodged and fetched away all that viscous morbifick matter that had caused his sad distemper. After some time his Father and kind Neighbours understanding that the Boy was Restor'd to perfect health, came into our Parish with Joyful hearts to fetch him home, and call'd at my house in their Return with thanks for my lucky determination of the matter.

From that time till a few years ago, I never saw young Mr. Crook; when riding near his house towards Preston, he call'd to me, treated me courteously, and gave me thanks for my past care of him. I was glad to see him a proper man, in good health, the Husband of a good, Wife, the Father of pretty Children. And I am glad to hear he has the General Character of an ingenious, honest, well-bred person Pardon his hasty Pen.

Who is SIR,

Your affectioned Brother

and Humble Servant

Thomas Marsden.

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

AS for what happened in Leigh Pariſh it is thus (as taken from the Teſtimony of thoſe that were well acquainted with it, and to whom the Perſon that was pretendedly poſſeſs'd did afterwards make a confeſſion of the whole Intreague.)

One Mr. John Urmſton of the Higher Hall in Weſt-Liegh a Papiſt, Married with one Mrs. Southe n a Proteſtant; the Condition of which Marriage was that he ſhould turn Proteſtant: which accordingly he ſeemingly did, and continued ſuch to the day of her death, On the day of her Burial he attended her Corps to the Church but pretending ſickneſs, he did not go in, nor did he ever after come at the Church.

His Children that he had by her continued Proteſtants, and his Daughter Elizabeth Married with one Mr. Ditchfield then a Proteſtant, ; but he being a looſe man was (incompliance with his Father-in-Law) prevail'd with to turn Papiſt. He thereupon endeavoured to turn his Wife, and uſed all means imaginable but with no ſucceſs; till he, Mr. Urmſton and the Prieſt had perſwaded a Maid-ſervant one Alice Pennigton (whom they alſo had perverted to their own Religion) to counterfeit her ſelf Poſſeſſed, by which artifice they ſucceeded.

This Alice Pennington was taught to diſſemble unnatural Fits, and ſhow a thouſand ſilly Actions, ſometimes ſhe ſtared, and froath'd, and made as if ſhe was not ſenſible of any thing; at other times ſhe would pretend violent Agonies, and cry out of a Witch, which ſhe could ſee hovering in an Egg ſh ll, or the like, in ſuch or ſuch a place: ſome times ſhe raved, as if ſhe was Mad, and again at other times ſhe would fix her teeth, and faint away, as if ſhe was quite dead. If any Proteſtant came near ſhe would foam, and ſpit at them to ſignifie her deteſtation of them; and in her moſt Rageing Fits the Prieſt would call for one of Mr. Ditchfield's Sons, Who was then about Nine years of Age (and deſigned for a Prieſt as himſelf told me) and bid him take hold of her hand, which he accordingly did, and tho' others could not hold her, on the Prieſts uttering a few words, ſhe would be as Calm and Quiet as a Lamb; and when this Feat was play'd they always took care that the mother ſhould be by. The Prieſts from all parts flock'd to her in ſo much that there were at leaſt Twenty with her, but the Devil ſeem'd to fear none ſo much as one, whom Mr. Ditchfield thinks was Mr. Penket he that was ſeiz'd for the Popiſh Plot in King Charles the II time and ſent to Lancaſter. The Neighbours came frequently to ſee her, amongſt whom was one Mr. William Smith: a Good underſtanding Proteſtant, who daily viſited her;

her, and obſerved that her countenance never chang'd, when ſhe fell into her Fits, this created in him a ſuſpision that it was only a Popiſh Juggle to ſeduce Mrs. Ditchfield to the Popiſh party. He alſo obſerv'd, that Old Mr. Urmſton, whoſe deſire was to turn his Daughter Papiſt, would never go out of the Room, from the Maid, Whilſt any Proteſtant was there, ſo that he having a deſire to talk with the Maid, could not have an opportunity; finding therefore it would be no better, when Mr. Urmſtons back was turn'd (for he walk'd to and fro in the Room) he charg'd her for an Hypocrite, and told her this was only a Trick to turn her Miſtreſs Papiſt, whereupon she ſmil'd, and flung the sheet (for she kept her bed) over her face; which fully confirmed him in his opinion, and obliged him to diſcover his thoughts to Mrs. Ditchfield, who ſeemed not willing at all to believe it: but it prov'd too true, for in a little time they gained upon her, and she began to tell Mr. Smith of the virtue of the Holy-Water, and what ſtrange effects it wrought on the Demoniack, of which she could deſire that he might be a Witneſs; ſo to the Maid they went, and she ſprinkled Holy-Water in her face, and the Maid ſpit at her, Oh (ſaith she) do you not ſee what a ſtrange power is in this Holy-Water? Yes (Saith Mr. Smith) and pray will you try it upon me; with ſome perſwaſions she was prevail'd with to make the Experiment on him, and she flung Holy-Water on his face, and he ſpit in her face; and she flung again, and he ſpit again, what do you mean ſaith she; O what a Strange power ſaith he, is there in this Holy-Water; but Dear Mrs. ſaith he, do you not plainly ſee that all this is only to delude and abuſe you, I am heartily ſorry for you; she made him no reply, for they had now prevail'd upon her.

A Day for Exorciſm was ſixt upon, and Mr. Smith comes that morning to ſee the Maid, when he entred the houſe he heard a great noiſe in the chamber of things hurried to and fro, but he knows not what it meant. He deſired to ſee the Maid, and after ſome time Mr. Urmſton came to him, and told him that ſhe was a ſleep. I have often ſeen her waking, ſaith he, and I deſire to ſee how ſhe is, when a ſleep. When the Old Gentleman ſaw he could not divert him, he pretended to go a little before, and he would call for Mr. Smith, this was to get the Prieſt out of the way, who was in ſo much haſte, that he left his Cane behind him. Mr. Smith comes up, and finds the Maid awake, and the Prieſt's Cane left behind him. What now ſaith he, hath he over run his ſtaff? What are all theſe Pictures for (for they had brought a great many into the Room) What muſt theſe put the Devil out of the? at which the Maid ſmil'd as before, and flung the ſheet over her face.

But

But Mr. Urmston *could not bear such discourse which created a Quarrel betwixt them, and occasion'd Mr.* Smith *to leave both the Room, and the House.*

When he was gone, the Exorcism came on, of which I can give no exact Account, very few being suffered to be present. I cannot therefore learn, whether they asked any Questions about Religion as the Priests with us did; only the Maid amidst her Rambling talk, made use of her own tongue; for one Elizabeth Hilton *a Protestant then present, being ask't by the then Vicar of* Leigh; *whether a spirit spake within the pretended Demoniack, or no? she said, no: for she spake as I do. The name of the Devil was Declared to be* Sturdy, *and the sign of his departure was to have been a Quarrel taken away with him out of the window, but the Devil would not consent to that; so the Devil and Priest agreed, that the sign should be a Box on the Ear given to the Priest, which at the appointed minute was Executed by the Maids hand.*

Upon this Mrs. Ditchfield *turn'd Papist, but never after wore the same countenance that she had before; she looked like another woman, as she had got another Religion, and could never well face a Protestant. Her troubles were augmented in that it begun to be whispered that the Maid would confess the Juggle, and how she was hired by her Master and the Priest, to act this Scene. This is thought to shorten Mrs.* Ditchfields *days, for she was buryed* August 15. 1673. *as appears by the Register of* Leigh, *and this Exorcism happned not much above Two years before. Her Remorse increased, for that the Maid was sent away to* New-England, *decoy'd, as is suppos'd, by the Priest to* Leverpool, *and ship'd off thence. In* New-England *she Married one Mr.* Sworton *a Minister there; and whether confessing the Truth there to him, and advis'd by him, or no; I know not: but she return'd again into England, acknowledged the whole Intreague, and that there was nothing in it at all but Trick and Dissimulation.*

Mrs. Ditchfield *never endeavoured to turn her Children. The Heir is, and (as I am told) always was a Protestant: as for the rest, tho they were constrained to go to Mass to please their Grandfather; yet they are at this day all Protestants, even he, that was designed for a Priest; from whose Testimony joyned with some others herein named, I have compiled this Narrative.*

These are the little fetches of the Romish Emissaries, which are the greatest Scandal and Injury to Religion that the Wit of Hell it self can contrive, The Greatest Scandal, *for can any one take a more effectual way to expose*

expoſe it, and its Author to the Contempt of Libertines and Atheiſts, than to be found Guilty of ſuch a Notorious piece of Prieſt-Craft as this is.

The Greateſt Injury, *for how juſtly may the Miracles of Chriſt and his Apoſtles (on which Chriſtianity is founded) be brought into ſuſpicion, when men diſcover the works of their Diſciples, who pretend to the ſame Power with them, to be nothing elſe but ſlight Leger-de-main.*

Thus the Wounds which Religion (like her Maſter) receives, are in the Houſe of her Friends. But I muſt contract theſe Lamentations, leſt the Porch ſhould grow too Sumptuous for the Fabrick.

Nothing now remains unleſs your Lordſhip deſire to know what ſucceſs this Pious Fraud met with amongſt us; and may ſuch Prieſt-crafts never meet with better; for like to Strong Phyſick it wrought the contrary way, and the Prieſts began to find themſelves the Looſers: Their own Party, and the Demoniacks neareſt Relations could not but take notice of the Diſſention amongſt the Prieſts about the Operation, when they found it unſucceſsful; and ſome of them (as I am told) ingeniouſly confeſſed that they do not believe that the Perſon was poſſeſt.

I was not, ſometime ſince without ſome hope of gaining the Demoniack himſelf, for ſome of his Friends ſent to me, to beg the favour that he might pay me a viſit. Whether he was at home then or no; I know not: Yet by the Meſſengers diſcourſe I conceived that he was. Tho ſince I underſtand that his Mother Weeps and Cries, Complains for the want of her, Son, and ſaith, ſhe knows not where he is. Whether ſhe be ſincere in it, or no; I cannot tell; for by ſome Rumours I have lately heard, I have cauſe to ſuſpect her. But if the Prieſts be jealous of his Tongue, no doubt, but they will ſerve him as they did the Maid in the foregoing Narrative.

Such Scandalous Abuſes of Religion as theſe are, as they create us Sorrow, ſo deſerve our Prayers; and therefore that the God of Truth would in mercy open the eyes of the Blind, that they may all come into the knowledge of the Truth, is the Earneſt Prayer of

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt Humble

and Dutiful Servant and Curate

ZACH. TAYLOR.

THE

THE

DEVIL

TURNED

CASUIST:

OR THE

Cheats of ROME, &c.

THE Papiſts having lately loſt in this Pariſh ſome of their Party, who happily turn'd to the Proteſtant truth; and finding others ſo unſteady that they were jealous of looſing them alſo; began to think it neceſſary to uſe their utmoſt skill, to retain thoſe they were doubtful of; and if poſſible (that they might be even with us) gain ſome Proſelytes to their Communion. Hereupon they reſolve upon a known Feat of Activity, and (inſtead of better friends) call the Devil to their aſſiſtance. To this end, one *Tho.*

Aſhton of *Thiſtead* in the Pariſh of *Wigan*, a Weaver, was pretended to be poſſeſſed! the occaſion of which is as fooliſh as it is unchriſtian; for they ſpread abroad a rumour as if he was bewitched by a neighbouring old Man, that he had diſobliged, and whom they would have the world believe to be a Wizard. And now they prepare themſelves for the Game, and tho I cannot learn that this *Aſhton* had either any of thoſe Frantick Symptoms, or *Leger-de-main* Tricks that their Demoniacks are uſually taught to play, yet having concluded of a Gambol to end *Chriſtmas* with, to work they go: And *January* the 17*th* 169⅞. being Saint *Anthonies* Day, was fixt upon for the day of the Exorciſm. Accordingly Four Prieſts, Mr. *Brooks*, the Operator in Chief, Mr. *Skinner*, Mr. *Kennel*, and another whoſe name I cannot yet learn, met at the Houſe of *Thomas Pennington* in *Orrel*, in the Pariſh of *Wigan*, and County of *Lancaſter*, where a great Concourſe of People, Proteſtants as well as Papiſts were gathered together to ſee this mighty Feat.

At Nine of the Clock in the Morning the Scene was to be opened, which begun with a Speech made by Mr. *Brooks* the Holderforth, wherein he told the people, *that he had offered up his Prayers to God that morning with relation to the work he was now going to undertake, that he hoped Chriſt had heard his prayers, and he did not doubt but to be Maſter of the Devil by two of the Clock in the Afternoon.*

This is nothing but a Sanctified and holy Cheat.

Thus would he preingage the peoples faith, and get them to mortgage it unto his ſollay.

He admoniſhed the people alſo *to have Faith and believe that he was able to do that Great Work, for if they did not believe, it would be very hard indeed for him to do it,* nevertheleſs he was able to do it notwithſtanding their Infidelity.

Then the Demoniack was brought before the Altar (*which was new vamp'd for this ſame purpoſe, for they had bought a new Altar-piece of White-Sattin, and trim'd it up with two Fringes, the one deeper than the other, to grace their Show*) and the Prieſt turn'd his Stole twice or thrice about the Demoniacks neck, upon which the Demoniack asked if he meant to hang him, but I cannot learn the Prieſts anſwer. The operation now immediately began, and *the people*

people were commanded to kneel, and pray to Saint Anthony, *and the Mother of God. And the Priests were ever and anon at it, Mother of God help us, pray for us! Good St.* Anthony *pray for us.* Here the young Priest, who knew not the name of the man Possessed, any more than I know his, steps to one of the Company (who chanced to be a Protestant) and ask'd what the Demoniacks Christian name was, who told him it was *Thomas*, upon which he falls tooth and nail to work, Good St. *Thomas* pray for us! Good St. *Thomas* pray for us, *&c.* expecting St. *Thomas* would be civil to his namesake.

I before have told you it was St. Anthonies *day which interested him in the sport.*

Thus they continued, till they brought the Devil to his Tongue, and then it was demanded.

For what cause he did enter and afflict that soul of Christ? Was it for Envy? The Devil was loath to speak, having learnt from a Boy witty on his Horn book, that if he said *A*, they would make him say *B*, and so on to the end of the Chapter: But the Priest Adjured him to declare, and at length he mumbled out, *No. Was it for Pride?* and so on through the Seaven Deadly Sins: The Devil was Gruff, but with much threatning they still made him speak, and his answer continued to be *No.* The Priest run over a Bead-Roll of Vices, and the Devil still was in the Negative. At length the Priest ask'd him, *was it for Despair?* Here he begun to be Restive and would not have replied, but by the the vertue of Holy-water, and hard Words, he was obliged to confess that it was for Despair. *Despair saith the Priest? Of what didst thou Despair? Why, saith the Devil, I did despair, because I thought the Priests were falling, and going down, and if they fall (adds he) I shall fall also.* Hereupon he was declared to be a Despairing Devil.

Here you must once for all be advised, that when the Demoniack spoke, he made use of his own Lips and Tongue so that he was no Pythonist: nor had they skill, or not time, to teach him the knack of speaking out of his Belly.

It seems as if the Devil and the Priest had one and the same interest, and that makes them to be thus concerned for each other.

Then the Prieſt wanted to know, what the Devils name was (and though he betraies his skill in that Queſtion, for a Great Man of their own Church doth diſwade from it, by aſſuring him, that *neither Angels nor Devils have any Proper names, but are diſtinguiſhed from one another by their Qualities. And that therefore Devils, when they are examined by Exorciſts as to their name, and give in ſome inſignificant, or uncouth name, do only impoſe upon men that have tranſgreſſed the bounds of their Authority, and inquire into things that they ought not.* Yet his name he would know, and after ſome ſeeming averſion, he was pleaſed to tell him that his name was *Loll*. Now the Reader is here to know, that for all this formality, the Devils name was no Secret: *For a neighbouring Juſtice of the Peace, doth aſſure me, that he was told ſix Weeks or two Months before the Farce was acted, that a Devil was to be caſt out in our Pariſh, and that his name was to be* Loll: by which you may underſtand they had time enough to provide Goſſips for him: but the whim of the name made him then give no credit to the information.

Sciendum eſt Angelos & Dœmones non habere propria nomina, quibus tanquam vocabulis inter ſe diſtinguantur, cùm ſint incorporei. — Sed nomen Angeli, Proprietas quædam ejus eſt, quâ ab aliis diſtinguitur —— Cum dœmones interrogati ab Exorciſta de nomine, reſpondent nomina quædam Barbara, incognita, nihil ſignificantia; per hoc hominibus illudunt, qui poteſtatis ſuæ limites egrediuntur, quærentes quod non oportet. *Eſtius An. Aur. in Evang. Sec. Mar. c.* 5.

When they had found which of the Devils it was they had to deal with; *no doubt but a friend!* The Proteſtants are deſired to attend, that they, I ſuppoſe, may be informed of the truth of ſome new coin'd Articles of Faith from him that was the Author of them. And becauſe the Prieſt perceived ſome of them to be afraid at the Demoniacks roaring, foaming, ſlavering, *&c.* he bid them not to fear for the Devil ſhould not hurt them; 'He had him at command, as they ſhould ſee: he would command 'him to kiſs his foot (it is a wonder, that in conformity to his Maſters

'ſters Greatneſs it was not his Toe) and 'he ſhould obey. Accordingly he gave 'the word of command, and the Devil 'kiſt the ſhadow of his Shoe-tie; and was 'not this a very humble Devil.

By this paſſage one would think the Devil had loſt his Pride, and the Prieſt had found it.

Then they proceeded to examine him as to his Creed; as if they meant to know what Religion he was of; and you need not in the leaſt doubt, but the Devil is a good *Roman Catholick*: for they ask'd him, *if there were not a Purgatory? Speak Devil I command thee*, ſaith the Prieſt, *is there not a Purgatory?* and the Devil inform'd him that there was. Very well! *But is it not neceſſary to pray for ſouls that are in Purgatory, that they may be delivered thence?* And the Devil and Prieſt agreed that it was. Thus underſtanding one another, and agreeing in the Fundamental Articles of Faith (for you read that *the Devils believe.* Jam. 2. 19. though it is an uncomfortable faith of theirs, for it makes them tremble) he proceeded to other matters of Doctrine, and always had the ſatisfaction to find the Devil of his own opinion.

Now had this Spark of Divinity conſulted his own reaſon, that would have told him, that it was not proper to expect the truth of God from the mouth of the Devil; or had he conſulted his own School-men, he might have learn'd, that it was unlawful to adjure the Devil, in order to learn ſomethings from him, for Aquinas *from Saint* Chryſoſtom *aſſures us, that we ought not to believe the Devil, though he declare nothing but the truth.* Salutiferum nobis dogma datur, ne credamus Dœmonibus, quantumcunque denuntient veritatem. Aquin. 2da. 2dæ. Qu. 90. Ar. 2.

Amongſt other Queries he demands to know, *whether it was not neceſſary to pray to Saints and Angels?* and adjured the Devil to tell the truth, and becauſe he found him ſometimes ſturdy and a naughty Boy, he and his Partners would Box him about the Ears, *ſometimes all four at once* (*for the Devil being an haughty ſpirit cannot* (*as we are told*) *brook ſuch affronts*) and the Devil thus chaſtis'd, acknowledged that it was his curioſity then led him

to

Now it is ſo long, ſince the Devil was in that happy place, where Saints and Angles are, that a man may very reaſonably ſuſpect his information, eſpecially conſidering his fate, which made him incapable to reſolve the Queſtion.

I wonder how the Church of Rome *will requite the Devil for his kind vouching theſe Superſtitious Doctrines.*

to inquire, *whether Saints and Angels did not hear our Prayers*? And the Devil remembring very well that he himſelf was once an Angel in Heaven, aſſured him that they did, though he ſtaid not ſo long there, as to hear any.

They further inquired, *if it was not lawful to worſhip Pictures and Images*? And the Devil could diſcern no hurt at all in a man's humbling himſelf before thoſe pretty play things. They then would know, *whether any Proteſtant, Presbyterian*, &c. *could forgive ſins*? and the Devil being a good Caſuiſt, told them, they could not. It was then demanded, *whether the Prieſts of the Church of* Rome, *could not forgive ſins*? And what cannot they do, that can turn a Wafer into Fleſh and Blood! yes they could forgive ſins. And is not this a good Charitable Devil that directs people whither to go for the Remiſſion of their ſins; but at the ſame time he is a blockiſh Devil to betray ſuch a ſecret as is enough to ruin his Kingdom.

But they proceed, and the Devil muſt tell them, *whether the Prieſts of the Church of* Rome *have not power to caſt out Devils*? And to his ſad grief and pain he felt they had. Be it ſo, they make but ill improvement of this Talent, for the Devil, as you will find, was too hard for them, and maugre their Exorciſms, kept his Burrough. Then they deſired to know, *whether any Proteſtant or Presbyterian*, &c. *Miniſter could caſt out Devils*? And if by caſting out Devils they mean ſuch juggling knacks, as the Popiſh Exorciſts are known to uſe, the Devil here had faireſt at the Truth, when he ſaid they could not. For the Clergy of the Church of *England* underſtand the nature of Chriſts Kingdom, and the operation of his Grace, which effectually doth caſt Devils and all evil out of the hearts, and ſouls of men far better than to expoſe God and Religion to the Buffoonry of Atheiſts, by pretending to ſuch Mountebank tricks, as are an infamous ſcandal to both. As for Diſſenters, let them anſwer for themſelves, for though their warm zeal betrays

trays them too oft to a superstitious Credulity; yet I think they are generally too wise to be engaged in such Artifices. And though I must confess I hear, that some of them do intend to bless the world, with the Narrative of a late Miracle of this nature, which they wrought; yet if the presence of a neighbouring Justice of Peace which as I hear struck their Affidavit-men dumb for that time, hath not convinced them of their Vanity: I wish them to consider what they are doing, and save some of us the labour of spending time and Paper in Animadversions on their Folly. But to return, this was a tedious way of proceeding by particulars, to compromize therefore all in one, he fairly ask'd, *whether Salvation was to be had in any Church, but only that of* Rome? And the Devil very officiously told him, there was not. Right saith the Priest, I know that as well as thou; *why then dist thou ask me saith the Devil. Only saith the Priest that I might make the to satisfie these people of this truth.*

The Priests used to teach the people that they ought to believe as the Church believed; but now it seems they have changed their note, and would have them believe, as the Devil believes.

And having made such powerful discoveries as these are by the Ingenious Confession of a knowing Devil, Mr. *Books* desired, that *William Winstanl's* Maid might be sent for, which accordingly was done; She is a Protestant, but her Master is a Papist, and when she came, the Devil beat about him, froth'd and foam'd, and cryed out, Art thou come? Art thou come? And then the same question was put again, and met with the same answer; as it was as oft as any Protestant, or any that they suspected in danger of turning Protestants did appear. For when another person came in, whom not without reason they were jealous of, as being married to a good ingenious Man that is a Protestant, and one that hath baffled Mr. *Brooks* the Chief Engineer in an Argument about Purgatory, the Demoniack stares at her, and roars out, i'le have thee, I'le have thee. If thou turn Protestant, as thy Husband would have thee, there is no hopes of Salvation.

And is not this fair warning to be given by a Devil.

The

Upon this he ſent to deſire us to give him the Communion according to the Church of England, *and is ſince departed with our prayers in the ſame Faith.*

The Children of *Robert Topping* an honeſt poor Neighbour, were alſo called to come near, and the ſame queſtion was again ask'd; and the Prieſt declaim'd upon it, and told them that their Father was ſickly and weak, and charg'd them that they ſhould tell him in what danger he was, if he continued to dye in that Faith, wherein he had lived.

Now when the Devil had done all the Service for them that he could, had confirm'd their new Creed by the Truth of his own Confeſſion, and had damn'd every body, but thoſe that believed as he and the Prieſt did; The Prieſt (like an unkind Maſter to a Truſty Servant) would needs turn him out of Doors, commanded him to be gone, and threatned what he would do, if he offered to ſtay; giving him a parcel of very foul words, ſtamping with his feet, and calling him, as his Authors teach him, all that was nought, an Infernal Dog, an Accurſed Devil, *&c.* And here it was that he had a mind to give them a Touch of his Learning, and ſhew the Excellency of his Parts, and ſo he takes occaſion to tell them that the Devil was a Latin Devil, and that he underſtood Latin, for they ſhould hear he would ſpeak to him in Latin, and bid him put out his Tongue, and he ſhould obſerve him, ſo he learnedly beſpeaks him, *Extende linguam Diabole, Put out thy tongue thou Devil*, and the Demoniack, as became a diſcreet Patient to a skillful Phyſitian, put out his Tongue, which was ſomething of a blewiſh colour, and the Proteſtants were call'd on to ſee the Black Tongue of a curſed Devil. But here happned an unlucky blunder, for Mr. *Skinner* ſtanding a little on one ſide that he could not well

Mengus *indeed and the Scriblers of Exorciſms teach their Prieſts this Billings-gate Language. But how unlike is this to our Saviours ſpeech, or the Arch-Angels to the Devil, who in the Cauſe of God and his Saints, durſt not bring againſt the Devil any railing accuſation, but only prayed, the Lord to rebuke him*, Jud. v. 9.

Here you muſt obſerve that to diſcolour his tongue, they preſt it in his mouth, with their Thumbs (which perhaps had aDy on them) and ſometimes nipt it.

well see his Tongue calls to him, *Verte ad me*, *Turn towards me*, but the blockish Devil (for so they commonly call'd the Demoniack) had either not learnt, or else he had forgot that Lesson, so he put out his Tongue again, but did not turn to Mr. *Skinner*. However the Priest was not to take notice of the Error, so he cries out, It is well, It is well: But there chanced to be a Protestant youth there, that understood so much Latin as to discover the Knavish ignorance, as you will further gather from the following passage.

Mr. *Brooks* had (as you have heard) undertook to talk to the Devil in Latin, and he was at it, *Maledicte Diabole discede hinc*, *ad locum maledicte Diabole*, &c. Thou curst Devil depart hence, &c. — At length out he comes with thou Infernal Toad, hereupon he recollects himself of his promise, which was that he would talk to him in Latin, and he knew not what was Latin for a Toad, so he steps to Mr. *Skinner*, and says pray Mr. *Skinner* what is Latin for a Toad? He told him *Bufo*, then he rallied again, and assaulted the Devil, with an *Infernalis Bufo discede hinc*, *ad locum Infernalis Bufo*, Thou infernal Toad depart hence, *&c.*

However the Devil made no great haste to be gone; but they continued the operation, ever and anon demanding how long he would stay, and when he would go, *&c.* At length the Devil told them roundly he would not go out before Dinner. Ay! sayst thou so, quoth Mr. *Brooks*. Thou wantedst thy Breakfast, but a faith I will give thee, I will give thee thy Dinner: thou thoughtest before with the Stole I would have hang'd thee, but now a faith I'le choak thee, here's a Dose for thee. So he gave him five Spoonfuls of Holy-water. Here is one (saith he) for the honour of the Holy Trinity, another for the honour of the Blessed Virgin, another for the honour of St. *Anthony*, and here's two more for Charity. So the Devil roar'd most hideously; ay, saith the Priest, I'le scald thee out. When wilt thou be gone? I will go, saith he at two of the Clock. This gave the Priest a little satisfaction. And after some time he demanded what should be the sign of his departure. Why when I go out, saith he, I will take away a Quarrel of Glass out of the Window. Then a dispute arose betwixt them, which Quarrel he was to take. But the Priest like a man of Resolution determined, such an one should be the Quarrel, and accordingly he chalked it out.

Pure Conjuration. Numero Deus Impare Gaudet. *Virg.*

When two of the Clock drew near, the Prieſt charged him to be gone, reminding him that his hour was at hand. But the Devil beg'd for longer time, and deſired to ſtay till morning. But the Prieſt peremptorily commanded him to vaniſh; and the Devil in abundance of ſuſpence cries, I doubt I muſt go out! I doubt I muſt go out! Which the Prieſt prudently catching at demands with an aſſuming Authority, Doſt thou not feel the Spirit of God preſſing thee this moment to go out? The Devil was loth to confeſs it, but at length acknowleg'd that he did. The Prieſt therefore repeats his adjurations, and adds thereto the virtue of his promiſe, which he very much inſiſted on and ſhewed him a Watch that it was full two of the Clock; and when the Devil ſaw the Watch, he bellowed out moſt terribly, as all along he had done, even to affright the Beholders, but more eſpecially when a Crucifix was applied to him, which they often made uſe of, and ſeemed ſometimes to make Characters, or write ſomething with it on his forehead.

Mr. Brooks *would do well here to conſider, whether this ſolemn attributing to the ſpirit of God, what ſeems (and perhaps he knows) to be nothing but the confederacy of man, be not a blaſpheming of of that ſpirit.* Numquid Deus indiget veſtro mendacio, ut pro illo loquamini dolos. *Job.* 13. 7.

Notwithſtanding all this, the Devil had no great mind to be walking, ſo they plied him again and again with Holy-water inwardly and outwardly, which made him roar with a witneſs, and complain that he was in as much torment, as if he was in Hell it ſelf; and he adds, that had he known how they would have uſed him, he would not have ſtayed there ſo long. *Why then ſaith the Prieſt, doſt thou not go out? And he told him that he would but ſtay one quarter of an hour longer.* Upon this a debate aroſe amongſt the Prieſts, whether this favour was to be allowed the Devil or denyed him. Mr. *Kennel* out of juſt compaſſion, I ſuppoſe, to the Demoniack, was againſt allowing him a longer term: but Mr. *Brooks* the Maſter Workman inclined rather to be more civil to the Devil, and gave him the ſpace of a quarter of an hour to provide himſelf for his journey, which as you will hear

This is a likely ſtory when compared with what follow, for Lyars ſhould have good memories. pag. 12.

hear in the cloſe, was unhappy for the poor Demoniack: Tho Mr. *Brooks* confident of ſucceſs cries out, he is rumbling in him like an Eel in a puddle of water, b t i le fetch him out of him a faith. Which was more than he could do; for the quarter being ſpe t they remind him of his promiſe, and charge him to be gone, they adjure and threaten him, and for fear all ſhould not do, they adviſe him to be gone and tell him, it was for his advantage to be gone. *For doſt thou not know, ſaith Mr.* Brooks *with an aſſumed Grimace, That the longer thou ſtayeſt here, thou converteſt ſo many more ſouls to the Catholick Faith? yes, ſaith the Devil, I know that very well: Ah! I ſhall make a ſweet days work of it.* And ſo taking into conſideration the ſerious admonition of his friend, he prepared himſelf as if he meant to make his *Exit*, in ſo much that Mr. *Brooks* preſuming on the victory, with an *IO TRIUMPHE* cries out, *now he is going a faith, now he is taking wing, he ſtands upon his tiptoes*, upon this all the people, eſpecially the Proteſtants caſt their eyes upon the Window, and the Quarrel out of which he was to go, and take it with him. But whether the peoples eyes being fixt upon the Quarrel might make them apprehenſive, that they would diſcover the Trick by diſcerning how the quarrel was conveyed away (for the Prieſts Elbows were often very near it: whether it was this or ſomething elſe I know not; but neither the Devil nor the quarrel went; for inſtead of that the Devil enters into a new parly with th m, and will have more quarrels than one, or elſe he will not go out. But the Prieſt ſtuck cloſe to his word, and would allow him no more quarrels than one. So that the Devil finding it would be no better (with a ſigh I ſuppoſe) ſaith, Ah! this is but little towards what

By this one would ſuſpect St. Peter's under officers to have forſook their Maſters trade, and to be turn'd fiſhers of Devils inſtead of fiſhers of Men.

Hold Mr. Devil not too faſt: for ſome whom you thought you were ſecure of, have ſince been both with the Prieſt and me: and declare that this days folly hath convinced them more of the ſuperſtition of your ways, than all your arguments will be able to remove.

To underſtand this, you muſt know that the Devil is generally very unwilling to go out, unleſs he may take ſomething with him, and he is for a living Creature if he can get it.

Betwixt 30 and 40 years ago I am told there was such another Exorcism as this, in the same place, for it is the Nest of Papists. And when the Devil was to go out, he said he would have a living soul with him, which frighted the poor People sadly, and made them Sweat and Sigh, not knowing whom he would have. But the Priest manfully withstood him, and would not suffer him to touch any Soul there. This was a little comfort to them. Then the Devil would have some other living Creature, a Cock or Hen, &c. But the Priest thought that too good a Morsel for the Devil, and would not allow it him. In short the

I would have had But the refusal of this small request, put the Devil out of humour, and he began to be sturdy, and would not wag; which put the Priest to inquire again the reason why he did not go. *Why saith the Devil, dost thou not think it better to be here than in Hell? To which Mr.* Kennel *answered (how truly judge you) No.* We will call to our assistance 12. 20. or 40. Priests more, *i.e.* the *Posse Comitatus* of the Priest-hood, and we will Torment thee as ill as if thou wast in Hell it self. But the Devil like a cunning Fox still kept his Burrough, and would not budge. Which made the Priest again demand, why wilt not thou keep thy promise (for they expect the Devil to be as good as his word) why dost thou not go out. *Why saith the Devil, dost thou not know that the Devil is a Lyar. Oh! saith the Priest, is that the reason? What thou wilt not go out now that by this thy telling a Lye thou may'st make the Protestants believe, that all the rest that thou hast said are Lies also,*

Priest would allow him nothing but three broken pieces of a Tobaco-pipe, which he laid upon a Trencher on the Table, and when he went, he was to take them, as a sign of his Departure. When the minute was at hand, the Priest makes a bustle, and cries out now He comes, He comes, He comes, &c. and by this means (which is right Leger-de-main) calls the Peoples eyes from off the Trencher to the Demoniack, and an hand came behind over the Table, and catch'd at the pieces of the Pipe, but unluckily got but two, the third slipping off the Trencher, which a Protestant took up. And when the Priest told them that they might know by what they saw that the Devil was gone out. Yes saith the Protestant perhaps he is, but he is better than his word, for he hath left one piece of his pipe behind him, and here it is. This I had from a neighbouring Clergy-man, who is Rector of the Parish where the person lived that took up the Pipe, and who had it from his own Mouth.

Is this the Reason? yes ſaith the Devil it is. But ſaith the Prieſt, if any of them ſhould turn to be good Catholicks, would it not be againſt thy mind? yes ſaith the Devil it would, for I care not how much company I have. This is an invincible argument of the Colluſions betwixt Prieſt and Devil.

This parley made the Prieſt to ſlip the minute the Devil had fixed for his departure; and the Prieſt and the Demoniack, being perhaps weary, one of them having kneeled, and the other having followed his work, and both of them having roared (for they were heard near a quarter of a mile from the houſe, and it was hard to ſay whether Devil or Prieſt was lowder, thus having roared) five hours together; Mr. *Skinner* tells Mr. *Brooks*, you have given him too much time, we may as well go, for it ſeems the Devil had out witted them, and by gaining delays had raiſed new out works to defend his Hutt. But Mr. *Brooks* that he might diſguiſe the Baſſle as well as he could, asked him, *whether he ſtaid there that he might convert any Proteſtant to the Catholick Faith?* And the Devil being willing to pleaſe him, and finding what he would believe any thing that he ſaid, told him that he did. Hereupon Mr. *Brooks* took the opportunity to acquaint the Company that he had ſome friends about *Ormskirk*, &c. that he intended to ſend for to ſee this wonderful work, and then he commanded the Devil to retire into the lower parts, and taking off the Stole, he beſpeaks the Demoniack to riſe up, by the name of *Thomas Ashton*, and enjoyned him to ſay five *Ave Marias*, and five *Pater-noſters*. So he began but he could not ſpeak plain, for the Devil as yet it ſeems ſtuck in his throat, the Prieſt therefore was obliged to renew his charge unto the Devil, go down Sirrah, ſaith he, ſo the Demoniack ſwallowed him cleaverly, and then he ſpeak plain, and the Prieſt having thus laid the Devil he hung out the Flag of Defiance, and challenged any proteſtant whomſoever to raiſe him again, and make him ſpeak.

And no doubt but it muſt be pleaſant Entertainment for his friend to ſee the Devil baited.

I had almoſt forgot to tell you that here again Mr. *Brooks* charged the Demoniack to kiſs the Prieſts feet, which as you have heard were four. Three of them being together he went and reverently paid his Salute, but Mr. *Brooks* told him there was a fourth; whom he was to ſeek out, and kiſs his feet alſo. So about he goes, and the

the Devil either having a good Noſe, or the Prieſts Toes a ſtrong ſcent, he quickly ſmelt him out, did obeiſance down to the ground, and adored his Sandal.

Query, whether this Homage of the Devil to the Prieſt, be not in alluſion to that in the Pſalmiſt, Kiſs the Son leaſt he be angry (*Pſal.* 2. 12.) *or in imitation of that* Mary, *that kiſſed our Saviours feet.* (Luke 7. 38.) *If the firſt, 'tis groſs idolatry; for to kiſs there, is to worſhip. If the laſt, 'tis vile, Hypocriſie, for for what ſhe did was to expreſs the ſincerity of her Repentance; but what they do, is only gratifie the Prieſts Ambition.*

And now the laſt Scene being over, Mr. *Prooks* by way of Epilogue, made another harangue unto the people, the ſubſtance of which was to ſignifie his hopes, that that days work would be a means to the Converſion of many then preſent, and ſave their Souls.

And now you ſee the ſecret is out: 'They have made a Pupet-Show of Re-'ligion, produced God and the Devil, like 'St. *George* and the *Dragon*, upon the Stage, and have baſely betrayed the cauſe 'of God, and given the advantage to the 'Devil; for you find that notwithſtand-'ing the aſſurance the Prieſt pretended to, 'from Chriſt's hearing his prayers; and '(what perhaps he more relied on) the 'promiſe that the Devil gave him more 'than once to depart: The Devil keeps his hold, and all that he can do, is to get him to lie ſnug in ſome private corner; till he be again brought forth, like *Sampſon*, to make ſport unto the people for the honour of their Dagon. But for all the Prieſts hopes, the laſt Act, wherein the Devil got the better of him (and made him either to believe a Lye, when he believed his word, promiſing to go out; or to belye the Devil, telling the people that he had promiſed to go out at ſuch an hour, when he had not done it) hath altogether ſpoiled his Harveſt, for it hath catc ed Mr. Prieſt within the Horns of this *Dilemma*

Either the Prieſt would have caſt out the Devil, and could not; or elſe he could have caſt out the Devil and would not.

If he would have caſt out the Devil, and could not; he hath diſcovered his own weakneſs, and that he hath no power over the Devil, nor that God was preſent with him in his undertaking, but for that he believed the Devil, hath given him up to believe a lye, as is the doom of ſuch Bigots. (2 Theſ. 2. 9. 10.)

If

If he could have cast out the Devil and would not; he discovers his own Villany, who perfidiously suffers the Devil to Tyrannize over the persons of Christians, when it is in his power to relieve them.

When the Farce was over Mr. *Skinner* ask'd the Demoniack how he did? And he said, pretty well. Are you not hungry *Thomas*, saith he, yes saith *Thomas*, and dry too. And well he might, by the account you have read. So the people with drew, and left them to their Pontifical repast; whilst the hearts of good men bleed to see Religion exposed thus to the just Exceptions of Libertines and Atheists; and Christianity abused by those, who labour to make the world believe that they are the only Proprietors of it. But as we are bound to pity, and pray for them that are Guided (I ought to have said misguided) by such wilfully blindfolded Guides; So acquiescing in God's Providence, *we must Remember, that he hath thought it necessary that offences should come*, Mat. 18. 7. *and it concerns them to remember that there is a Woe denounced against that man, by whom the offence doth come.*

On *Monday* following this Exploit, the General Quarter Sessions was held at *Wigan*, at which time I acquainted the Justices of Peace, with what had passed, and got a Warrant to apprehend the Demoniack, that it might have been tried, whether had more power over the Devil, the Priests or Justice.

This (as I am told made the Priest to scamper, tho he was not in the least affected by the Warrant, not being so much as named in it). But through a mistake the Officers mist their Prey, and we our Sport. However, this hath laid the Devil for the present, for I hear no more of him in our Neighbourhood, nor I believe ever shall.

F I N I S.